

Letter from Mrs. Mills to Reverend Hall, taken from the New York American of October 18, 1922.

"Darling mine, didn't you feel me purring-blissfully contented. And close to you, too. Was my goodbyes to the others too hasty and should I have said more? What a truly unexpected pleasure it was, dearest, sweetest boy. Oh how good you are. As I rode along I thought, this is where I find my greatest joy to be near my man; what care I for what other people call pleasure; to be near you, although I didn't dare look at my noble boy's face, this is all I ask.

"How friendly our Easton Avenue road seems to us, and dear, dearest boy, every time you take your hat off I never fail to notice and read your face. Monday, too, And it is a new message of love every time you do, and my heart sings for joy; yes, and I could fling my arms about you and pour kisses on my babykin's head and face.

"Grandma is here. I must stop. Sweetheart, my true heart. I could crush you. Oh, I am wild tonight; so happy I could dance wildly."